

*Prin.* Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaffs sword so hacked?

*Peto.* Why, hee hacked it with his dagger, and said hee would sweare truth out of England, but he would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to doe the like.

*Car.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeere before, I blisht to heare his monstrous deuices.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeers ago, and wert taken with the maner, and euer since thou hast blisht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

*Prin.* I doe.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hotliquers, and coldpurses.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, halter.

Here comes leane Iacke, here comes bare bonell: how now my sweete creature of humbalt, how long is't ago, Iacke, since thou saw'st thine owne knee?

*Fal.* My owne knee? when I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles talent in the waste: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe ring: a plague of sighing & griefe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villainous neeves abroad, here was sir Iohn Braby from your father: you must to the Court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy, and he of Wales, that gaue Amamon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the crosse of a Welsh hooke: what a plague call you him?

*Poines.* O, Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen, the same, and his sonne in law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horse-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* He that rides at high speede, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* You haue hit it.

*Prin.* So did he neuer the sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascall hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

*Prin.* Why, what a rascall art thou then, to praise him so for running?

*Fal.* A horsebacke (ye cuckow) but afoote he will not budge a foote.

*Prin.* Yes Iacke, vpon instinct.

*Falst.* I grant ye, vpon instinct: well, he is there too, and one Mordacke, and a thousand blew caps more. Worcester is stolne away to night, thy fathers beard is turnd white with the newes, you may buy land now as cheape, as stinking Mackrel.

*Prin.* Why then, it is like, if there come a hotte Iune, and this ciuill buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads, as they buy hob-nailes, by the hundreds.

*Falst.* By the masse, lad, thou'st true, it is like we shall haue good trading that way: but, tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afraid? thou being here apparant, could the world picke thee out three such enemies againe, as that fiend Dowglas, that spirit Percy, & that diuell Glendower: art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thril at it?

*Prin.* Not a whit ifaith, I lacke some of thy instinct.

*Falst.* Well, thou wilt be horribly chidde to morrow when thou comest to thy father, if thou loue mee: practise an answer.

*Prince.* Do thou stand for my father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content. This chaire shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crowne.

*Prin.* Thy state is taken for a ioynd stoole, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crowne, for a pitiful bald crowne.

*Fal.* Well, and the fire of race bee not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moued. Gue mee a cup of Sacke to make my eyes looke redde, that it may bee thought I haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it, in king Cambises rauce.

*E 2*

*Prince,*